

The Strongest War God chapter 1

The Strongest War God chapter 1-Seventeen-Year-Old Crowned King
“Grandma, is he really that powerful?” In the bustling commercial street, the girl turned on her phone, and the wallpaper just happened to be a young man in plain clothes.

Why would there still be people wearing cotton clothes at this day and age? The girl pouted her thin lips and secretly thought to herself that when she saw him the next day, the first thing she would do was to make him change his clothes.

A seventy-year-old silver-haired old lady who was next to her stopped and smiled.

“Silly girl, you don’t like him?” The old woman turned around.

The girl bit her thin lips with her pearly white teeth, and her clear eyes were filled with unwillingness.

The conversation started quietly just like that.

She furrowed her brows and said, “Grandma, look at him. He’s the same age as me, yet he’s dressed like a little old man. His white cotton clothes are so ugly!” “Impudent!” The old woman rapped the ground with her dragon staff.

With a thump, the stone slab beneath her feet shattered into pieces.

The street vendors were so scared that they peed their pants.

The girl was very stubborn and refused to change her point of view.

“Heather, I want you to remember this. He may be dressed plainly, but there are things you can’t tell from how one dresses. Do you know why 800,000 soldiers were gathered at the border three years ago?!” The old woman said solemnly.

“I don’t. I think it was a border conflict. Didn’t they retreat in the end?” The girl was serious as she tried to recall what happened.

The old woman used her calmest tone possible, but what came out of her mouth made people’s blood boil.

“Of course, they had to retreat,” the old woman said slowly. “With him at the border, how would the enemies outside dare not retreat?”

“A simple cotton cloth intimidated 800,000 elites!

“He is Braydon Neal!” The old woman slowly revealed a secret.

“How is that possible?” The girl cried out. “He scared off 800,000 enemies with just a piece of clothing. What is he? A deity?” “If there’s someone in this world who can become a deity, it can only be him!” The old woman was a little tired, so she slowly disappeared from the bustling street with the girl.

If there was anyone in the world who could become a deity, it would be the legend of the northern region, Braydon Neal.

He was a deity-like man in plain clothes!

A single comment was enough to describe his legend.

The most terrifying cotton cloth in the world!

... The old woman and the young woman disappeared from the bustling streets of Preston city.

In the vast ocean thousands of miles away, a huge passenger ship was sailing east.

A young man in plain clothes was sitting on the seat near the door of the passenger ship. His eyes were as bright as the stars, and his handsome lips seemed to always have a humble smile.

On the inner lane of the seats, there was a thin and weak old man who appeared to be feeling rather uneasy. His face, which had been burned by a fierce fire, was quite ferocious and terrifying.

His lips were dry and cracked, and he was sweating.

The young man in plain clothes was Braydon Neal. He said gently, “Sir, are you thirsty?” “A little!” The emaciated old man bitterly admitted.

Braydon handed him a cup of tea, not bothering the hostess.

However, the old man's drinking capacity was obviously higher than ordinary people. This was not thirst but an illness!

It was similar to traumatic sequelae!

Braydon waited for the old man to finish his water before asking, "Sir, were your injuries caused by a huge fire?" "I used to be a firefighter. Five years ago, there was a fire in Preston. I rushed in with my squadron to put out the fire. I'm a tough person, and I didn't die even though I was severely burned." The old man had a self-deprecating smile on his lips.

The fire was so terrifying that the waves of fire rose tens of meters high and swallowed the entire squad. It had even burned him to such a terrifying state.

How cruel it was for a person to live beyond recognition!

As the listener, Braydon listened to the old man's story about the raging fire. He then noticed that his cup was empty, so he got up and went to buy some mineral water.

When Braydon turned around, he saw that the seat was empty.

The old man was standing in front of the public water heater. Both his hands were thin, and he only had six fingers. The cruise had been sailing for the whole day, and he had not had a single drop of water. He was already slightly hungry.

Behind the old man stood a burly man in a black suit. He frowned and urged, "Old man, what are you waiting for?" "I'm sorry, I'm done now." The old man's body was weak. Under the urging of the man, he turned off the tap nervously and turned to leave.

However, the burly man's patience had long run out. He pushed the old man away and hurriedly took out a crystal cup to get some hot water.

The old man's body swayed, and an instant cup noodle fell out of his hand, spilling the soup all over the ground.

At the front of the corridor sat a young man with fair skin. There were instant noodles on the ground under his feet. His eyes turned dark, and he was filled with anger as he sneered, "You old dog, are you f*cking looking for death?" Smack!

The fair-skinned young man suddenly stood up and slapped the old man on the face.

The old man staggered a few steps backward and almost fell to the ground.

The man in the suit turned around, his face pale. "Young master Larson, are you alright?" "What do you think?" The fair-skinned youth, Ian Larson, shot him a glance.

The man in the suit was a bodyguard. He trembled and turned around to punch and kick the old man while scolding angrily, "You blind old thing. Do you know who you've offended?" He was the second young master of the Larson family, one of the seven greatest families in Preston!

In Preston, the Larson family was deeply rooted. In recent years, they had been doing well and were becoming more and more prosperous. They had a vague chance of becoming the head of the seven great families.

In Preston, there was no one he, Ian Larson, could not afford to offend!

The passengers around him looked at him with fear in their eyes, and no one came forward to stop him.

Not many families in Preston could afford to offend the Larson family.

But at this moment, someone stood forward.

Under everyone's gazes.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly as he said, "If you touch him one more time, I'll kill your entire family!" Whoosh!

There was pin-drop silence in the entire place.

Who was this person?

He even dared to provoke the Larson family. In Preston, even the other great families would not dare to say things like wiping out the entire Larson family.

The bodyguard froze, and his fist stopped in mid-air.

"Who the f*ck are you? Continue beating him up!" Ian laughed in anger.

The Strongest War God chapter 2-The Return of the Northern King The bodyguard raised his fist, and it was about to hit its mark.

Braydon Neal's eyes were calm. He raised his fair left hand and lowered it in an instant.

Boom!

The bodyguard's 1.9-meter-tall body was sent flying across the entire corridor, and it was unknown whether he was dead or alive.

Ian Larson's eyes were filled with horror. This terrifying martial strength was simply too frightening!

"Who are you?" He asked fearfully.

Braydon did not even glance at him. He bent down and helped the old man up.

Who was Braydon Neal?

The Northern territory was three million square kilometers in land; there was no one who did not know who Braydon Neal was!

He was the Northern King of the northern territory!

There was once someone who had the word 'King' before his name.

His full name was King Braydon Neal!

At that time, Braydon was already famous in the capital, and it was during those days when he was young and frivolous. However, from then on, Braydon put on plain clothes and refused to be crowned king.

"Do you know who he is?" Braydon asked softly.

"Who is he? This old thing? Ha!" Ian's disdainful expression did not change.

"He may be covered in scars, but it signifies glory. He's a man of great merit, but he's been humiliated by you today. This is what it means when villains hold all the power!" Braydon said softly.

“Great merit? This old thing was a soldier and made some kind of contribution?” Ian was stubborn through and through.

He probably really thought that the Larson family could do whatever they wanted.

The so-called Larson family was just a clown in Braydon’s eyes!

Ian should be aware that if the Northern King were angered, blood would flow for thousands of miles!

A piece of cloth could scare off 800,000 enemies from outside the border. That was when Braydon was young, guarding the north alone. He killed 720,000 enemies with one knife, and the bones of his enemies formed mountains.

Since then, King Braydon’s fierce reputation had been established!

As long as he was still alive, no one would dare to invade the borders of the country!

Braydon said softly, “A firefighter is still a soldier. In the raging fire, he protected people with his life. Now, he has exchanged it for humiliation from you. You should be killed!” Along with the last half of Braydon’s words, a shocking murderous aura shot up to the skies. Seagulls folded their wings, white fish jumped into the water, and animals were instinctively afraid!

“No one can touch me in Preston city. I’m a member of the Larson family. You can’t afford to offend me!” Ian said fiercely.

Bang!

Braydon had intended to kill him, but after hearing this, he spared his life.

After a single slap, Ian was sent flying in the air, and he lay crumpled on the ground like a dead dog.

“The Larson family is very powerful?” Braydon’s eyes were cold, and the temperature of the entire cabin seemed to have dropped by 30%.

The passengers around them nodded instinctively. The Larson family was truly powerful in Preston!

Hitting Ian Larson was equivalent to getting into big trouble!

“When we get to Preston, I’ll show you what real power is!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

Ian said that no one in Preston city could touch him?

Such arrogance!

Braydon did not mind waiting until he had arrived in Preston to show Ian what true power was!

The old man was helped up, tears streaming down his face like a child who had been wronged. “It’s been so many years. I didn’t think that anyone would still remember us. Child, thank you!” Braydon smiled indifferently and brought him back to his seat to rest, leaving Ian to yell and curse at him.

“When the passenger ship docks, I’ll kill you!

“Offending me is the same as offending the Larson family. The moment you get off the ship, it will be the day you die!

“Enjoy the last ten minutes of your life!” ... Ian’s eyes were filled with hatred; he hated Braydon to the core.

No one on the passenger ship dared to meddle in their business.

As the passenger ship’s horn sounded, it slowed down and slowly approached the dock.

In the vast open space of the dock, an old butler, along with fifty black-clothed bodyguards, was waiting there with a solemn expression on his face. He had already received a call from his second young master.

The dignified second young master of the Larson family was actually beaten up to such an extent!

They were in Preston city. No matter who it was, that person was obviously courting death.

Even if he was a member of the seven great families, he would be crippled if not killed.

The old butler had already made up his mind.

After the ship had docked, Ian was limping as he disembarked. The old butler hurried forward.

“Second young master!” The fifty strong bodyguards lowered their heads and shouted in unison.

The other passengers who got off the ship lowered their heads and left in a hurry.

After the passengers had left, Braydon looked at his homeland and muttered, “My hometown is no longer the same; how unfortunate. I didn’t expect that I would have this feeling!” Ian sneered, thinking that Braydon was too scared to get off the ship.

He growled, “Didn’t you want me to see what true power is in Preston? Why are you still stuck on board, you coward?!”

“In Preston, the Larson family is the symbol of power!” “Seize him!” The old butler said while gesturing at him.

Dozens of security guards were about to make a move!

The autumn wind was blowing in the spacious dock, rolling up the yellow apricot leaves. It seemed that the place had been cleared long ago.

There were very few people today!

In the southeast, a group of young men in black clothes appeared.

There were more than a thousand people, all dressed in black with black scarves on their faces. They had long black swords at their waists which were three feet, three inches, and three decimeters long. There was a red symbol on their chest which looked a little like the Northern King’s sword!

These young men in black numbered up to more than a thousand had appeared at the dock and were slowly approaching the ship.

Their footsteps were uniformed, and strong aura and gallant determination exuded from their presence.

In the next moment.

The thousands of people unsheathed their swords, and their killing intent soared to the sky.

Everyone's expression was cold, and their tiger-like eyes were filled with determination, revealing a fanatical belief!

Although the person on the cruise was merely wearing plain cotton clothes, he was their one common faith!

He had left the capital at the age of seven and had not returned for thirteen years!

And today was the day of his coronation!

The more than a thousand people came to the passenger ship, knelt down on one knee, and plunged their swords into the ground to welcome the passenger ship with such grand gesture.

"The Northern Hansworth main team welcomes the return of the commander!" The more than a thousand people shouted in unison.

The sound waves rolled and reverberated through the sky.

This was the power that Braydon was talking about!

This scene caused Ian's eyes to be filled with horror. It was hard to imagine.

The old butler's face was deathly pale. His life experience told him that he had provoked a terrifying person today!

This important figure was not someone the Larson family could provoke.

Braydon slowly disembarked the passenger ship and smiled. "I'm a commoner. I don't have an official rank or title. Just call me by my name!" "We dare not act as such. Rules cannot be broken. No one in the world would ever dare address the commander as a commoner!" Among the one thousand people, the young man in the lead had a buzzcut and looked strong and aggressive.

Braydon looked at him and chuckled. "Little Carl Mason, I didn't expect you to come and pick me up today. I'm afraid you've crossed the border just to do so!" The Northern Hansworth main team had a lot of responsibilities. They were in charge of all the tricky matters in the 830,000 square kilometers area.

But this was Central Hansworth!

Preston city was located in Central Hansworth. Many people used to call this place the resplendent central plains!

“So be it. Did the commander run into any trouble upon returning?” Carl glanced at Ian and the others.

“He said that no one in Preston city can touch him!” Braydon flicked his fingers and laughed.

Whoosh!

The thousand people stood up and pointed their blades at Ian. He was so scared that he was about to cry.

Ian had said that no one in Preston city could touch him!

But today, there were over a thousand people here. Not to mention touching him, they could even exterminate the three families of the Larson family with a snap of their fingers.

The old butler was sweating profusely as he apologized incessantly, “Sir, this might be a misunderstanding!” “Then, let this misunderstanding continue!” Carl then seized everyone present.

The Strongest War God chapter 3-Hansworth Warblade Braydon Neal turned around and left, leaving behind a sentence, “Ian Larson may have done wrong, but he’s innocent!” With just a few words, the more than a thousand people sheathed their swords and followed Braydon.

“Commander, come back to Northern Hansworth with us!” Carl Mason quickly followed behind him.

Braydon did not respond. Since he had chosen to return to Preston, he naturally had things to do.

Carl hesitated before saying, “Your return this time is only for the crowning ceremony. After the ceremony, as long as you return to Northern Hansworth, we can guarantee that no one will hurt you!” “Hurt me?” Braydon stopped, a faint smile on his lips.

Carl smiled bitterly as if he had just realized something.

However, there were some things that Braydon did not need the help of outsiders.

“I’m back at the capital to kill three people!” Braydon said indifferently.

Carl was stunned. He wanted to say that he would do these things for Braydon.

The special authority of the Northern Hansworth main team was shockingly tremendous!

Now that Braydon refused to say anything, Carl naturally did not dare to ask further.

The group left the dock. There were as many as twenty black cars parked outside, which corresponded to Braydon’s age. Each car was worth more than a million dollars.

There was a silver-haired old woman with a dragon-headed walking stick standing there, and a beautiful girl was standing beside her. Her light blue sportswear outlined her perfect figure, and her long legs were particularly eye-catching.

The girl was Heather Sage, Preston’s most talented woman. She was also the one who had said that Braydon looked ugly in plain clothes last night.

“Grandma, we’ve been waiting for half an hour!” She pouted in dissatisfaction.

Heather was a little dissatisfied. She felt that her fiancé, whom she had never met before, was much too arrogant to make her and her grandmother wait for so long.

Old lady Sage said calmly, “Just wait. If you don’t see him today and you dare to leave, I’ll break your legs!” “Is he that important?” Heather was secretly angry.

At the spacious exit of the dock, Braydon, who was dressed in plain clothes, had just appeared.

“He’s here!” Old lady Sage’s fingers trembled.

“It’s really him!” Heather saw him as well, and she also saw a thousand young men in Black clothes and black scarves behind Braydon.

A thousand people escorting him; what a grand display!

Who was he?

Heather's eyes were filled with curiosity.

The old and the young lady had yet to step forward when something unexpected happened.

From the East, an indomitable figure appeared. His square face was full of hair, and after it had been trimmed, it looked very comfortable.

His tiger-like eyes were filled with anger, and every step he took caused the ground to tremble. As he released his aura, the people on the roadside were afraid to watch the show.

"Carl Mason, you've crossed the line!" The tiger-eyed man was the commander of Central Hansworth, Zayn Ziegler.

There were seventy-two cities in the three provinces of Central Hansworth, and there were eighty-one special operations teams all under the jurisdiction of the Central Hansworth main team!

There was one team in each city. The special operations team's responsibilities were extensive. They did not care about the ordinary trifles and usually dealt with the more difficult matters.

Whenever there were peculiar incidents, it was usually the special operations team that directly intervened.

Carl glanced at him. "What can you do if I cross the line? Chop me into pieces?" "Why you!" Zayn Ziegler almost exploded in anger. This man was as famous as him, but he did not expect him to be so shameless today.

Was he planning to lose face?

Zayn Ziegler was angry. "The five great commanders in the country each has their own duties. They are strictly prohibited from crossing the border. Those who violate the rules will be reported and punished. Are you so determined to be so disgraceful and annoy me like this?" Carl rolled his eyes and did not bother to answer.

Not far away, old lady Sage was holding a dragon-headed walking stick, her hands trembling slightly.

“Carl Mason, the Tiger of Northern Hansworth, and Zayn Ziegler, the Warblade of Central Plains,” she said in a low voice. “They’re here!” “Grandma, when Grandpa was alive, didn’t he say that he was a person who stood at the peak of Mount Tanish?” Heather stuck out her tongue and did not dare to say anything else.

Old lady Sage pursed her thin lips. She knew how terrifying these two big shots were. She also knew where the young men wearing black scarves behind them belonged to!

These two big shots did not even need to acknowledge the so-called seven great families of Preston. With just a word, they could make the seven great families disappear overnight.

At that time, no one would speak up for the seven great families, and no one would even dare to ask.

Braydon was already looking at old lady Sage, and a humble smile appeared on his lips. His thin lips moved slightly, “We haven’t seen each other for a few years. Little central plains, who do you want to report to the higher-ups and punish?” Braydon’s back was facing Zayn and the others when he spoke calmly.

Zayn’s eyelids twitched, and his eyes were filled with horror and disbelief as he looked at the back of the plain-clothed man.

His face turned red, and he cried out, “Co... Cotton cloth?!” “What?” Braydon turned around slowly with a faint smile on his face.

The moment his face appeared, Zayn Ziegler, who was famous in the three provinces of the central plains, knelt down on one knee and said, “Central Hansworth’s commander, Zayn Ziegler, welcomes the return of the Northern King!” Braydon flicked his fingers and smiled, signaling for him to get up and talk.

Zayn scratched his head. “A few days ago, there was a rumor saying that you were coming back. I didn’t believe it. I didn’t expect you to really come back!” “You and I are both commanders. There’s no need to be so humble!” Braydon walked forward.

Zayn's face turned pale.

The strongest man in the three provinces of the central plains was as pale as a sheet today. He thought that Braydon was dissatisfied with him today.

Zayn pulled out his sword and knelt on one knee. He held the black sword high above his head with both hands.

His tiger-like eyes seemed to be burning with flames as he said in a low voice, "The five great commanders of Hansworth are all under the command of the Northern King. If they die, they will be the war spirit of the North, forever guarding the beautiful mountains and rivers of Hansworth, fending off foreign enemies, and guarding the borders!" The commander of Northern Hansworth was supposed to be Carl. Braydon's sudden return indicated that he could not be without any recognition and title. Otherwise, no one amongst the one million black-armored elites in the North would agree to it!

Therefore, Carl was as happy as a child when Braydon became the commander of Northern Hansworth.

Braydon ignored him and walked toward old lady Sage. What he said next shocked everyone.

"Grandma!" Braydon's lips moved.

The Strongest War God chapter 4-Tell the Whole World I Will Protect Her for Life "Sigh, my dear Braydon, you've lost weight and grown taller!" At this moment, the old lady burst into tears and touched Braydon Neal's cheek. She felt sorry for the child in front of her. She was the only one who knew how much Braydon had suffered in the northern region for thirteen years.

Braydon's nose felt rather sour, and his strong heart hurt a little... For as long as Braydon was still alive, if he had any relatives, Grandma Sage would be the first one!

As long as she was alive, Braydon would respect her for life!

If anyone were to bully her because of her age, Braydon would slaughter their whole family!

Carl Mason secretly pulled Zayn Ziegler up, and the two of them started talking in a low voice. In the end, Braydon entered the car and calmly said.

“Carl, go back to the Northern Hansworth team. Zayn, you come with me!”
Braydon had come back this time to deal with some private matters.

The black car fleet started moving slowly, heading straight for the Sage family manor in the eastern area of Preston city.

The Sage family was one of the seven great families in Preston.

In the car, old lady Sage said emotionally, “Thirteen years have passed in the blink of an eye. Little Braydon, you’re all grown up!” “If it wasn’t for Grandma protecting me back then, I’m afraid I would already be dead!” Braydon would always remember this act of kindness shown by her.

Old lady Sage waved her hand. “You, child, have always been so polite when you send me letters every year. Now that we’re meeting in person, you’re still so polite to me. Oh right, this is Heather!”

“Hello, I’m Heather Sage!” Heather stretched out her fair hand gracefully. Her eyes were bright, her teeth were pearly-white, her figure was graceful, and she had the noble temperament of someone from a rich family. Her facial features were exquisite and flawless, like the perfect work of God.

“If you don’t agree to our marriage, you can break off the engagement!”
Braydon said right off the bat.

“Really?” Heather’s eyes lit up.

“Don’t you dare!” Old lady Sage was furious.

The old lady’s anger scared the driver so much that he started trembling.

The current leader of the Sage family was this old lady. There were nearly a hundred people in the family who were afraid of her.

Old lady Sage’s anger came from her concern for Braydon’s dignity!

If the woman took the initiative to break off the engagement, it meant that she looked down on the man. If word were to get out, what dignity would the man have left?

If the Sage family dared to break off the engagement, it would be a slap in the face of the Northern King!

Did Heather know Braydon's identity?

If she dared to break off the engagement, within a day, someone would make the entire Sage family disappear.

No one in the world could protect the Sage family after having insulted King Braydon Neal!

Heather pleaded, "Grandma, it's already the 21st century. Why are we still arranging a marriage? You don't know this, but when my classmates found out, they laughed at me for days!" "This is the betrothal that your Grandpa Neal and our Sage family have set. You two were already engaged when you were in your mother's womb. No one can change that unless I die!" Old lady Sage's face was livid as her words were the final say.

Heather wanted to cry, but no tears came out. She stomped her feet in anger.

She turned around and looked at Braydon, asking in an unfriendly tone, "Do you know Zayn Ziegler, the Warblade of Central Plains, and Carl Mason, the Tiger of Northern Hansworth?" "I know them very well!" Braydon answered.

As if he sensed that Heather still had more to ask, he smiled faintly and said, "Zayn used to be by my side and often cleaned my sword for me. I know them quite well!" "The Northern King's sword isn't something that just anyone can clean!" Zayn Ziegler was proud of it.

In the end, Heather was stunned and did not come back to her senses for a long time.

Zayn Ziegler, the Commander-in-Chief of Hansworth, with the title of the Warblade of Central Plains, the strongest man in nearly a million square kilometers, was just a nobody around Braydon?

How terrifying was Braydon Neal?!

Heather's eyes were very beautiful and had spirit in them, as if they were not contaminated by the secular world.

When she came back to her senses, the convoy had already stopped, and Braydon got off the car.

“If Zayn Ziegler is the sword-cleaning man, then what about Carl Mason?” Heather asked anxiously.

No one responded.

Braydon was supporting old lady Sage and did not answer Heather’s question.

“Heather doesn’t know about you, so it’s natural that she’s curious!” Old lady Sage smiled kindly.

“The person that Grandma likes is the person that I will protect for the rest of my life. From now on, whoever touches her, I will kill their whole family!” Braydon said calmly.

“This child!” Old lady Sage did not have the heart to reprimand him.

Braydon had never spoken empty words in his life.

No one in the world would dare touch her!

Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly. “Zayn, in my name, announce to the world that this girl is the one I want to protect. From now on, be it in Preston or when abroad, the Northern King’s sword will descend wherever she is the moment she gets injured!

“Understood!” Zayn Ziegler would rather be invisible.

Heather had just gotten out of the car and was stunned when she heard this.

The man to whom she had been betrothed since she was young... Was he really that powerful?

Heather’s eyes were filled with suspicion, but she was not a daft young lady.

From what she knew, when Braydon left Preston so many years ago, he had suffered a lot!

When old lady Sage returned, the entire Sage family came out to welcome her.

The Sage family was secretly excited. The person whom the old lady would go out of her way to pick up personally was surely an important guest.

He was the benefactor who could bring the Sage family back from the dead!

When Braydon appeared, the Sage family was stunned.

The old lady actually went to pick up a young man.

Everyone thought that the person whom she was picking up would be a big shot who was about the same age as the old lady.

Who would have thought that it was actually such a young man?

The fifth generation of the Sage family were all young people. A young man with greasy hair and pink face stared at Braydon's face as if he had seen a familiar face.

"Braydon?!" He was shocked.

Whoosh!

The crowd was stunned. Very few among them could believe that the brat who had left Preston in a sorry state back then had returned.

He must be tired of living!

An oval-faced girl affectionately came forward and said immediately, "Grandma, it's just Braydon. Why would you need to welcome him? All you had to do was give the order and send someone from our home!" "Grandma, you've brought Braydon back. This is trouble!" The man in the suit was older than everyone else.

Those words came from Harold Sage, the eldest son of the Sage family's direct line of descent. He did not care about Braydon at all and had openly said those words.

As for the Sage family's fifth generation direct descendants, all their names started with the letter H. They were all direct bloodline descendants, and their status and treatment were different. Just their daily pocket money alone was three to five times more than that of the branch family descendants.

There were more children in such a wealthy family, so there were more rules.

Harold's words were met with agreement from many of the Sage family members.

The current Sage family was different from the past. They were in urgent need of external help. Back then, when the old lady protected Braydon, she had already offended the Neal family.

It had been more than ten years since then, and everyone had forgotten about it.

Now that the old lady had brought Braydon back, it was a slap to the Neal family's face!

Therefore, this was not a wise decision, and it was not worth it to sacrifice so much for an abandoned child.

Bang!

Old lady Sage leaned on her dragon-headed walking stick, and all noise ceased.

"You think that Little Braydon is a problem?" She asked Harold directly.

"Yes!" Harold went straight to the point and said, "There was an internal conflict in the Neal family. Braydon's name was removed from the genealogy, and he can't be buried in the Neal family's ancestral grave. Grandma, I'm sure you know that the car accident thirteen years ago wasn't an accident. It happened because they wanted to kill Braydon. However, you protected him and offended the three leaders of the Neal family!"

"Continue!" The old lady was expressionless.

"The best plan is to cancel the engagement, drive Braydon away, and let the Neal family deal with him!" Harold added.

His words secretly made many Sage family members nod their heads!

This was indeed the best plan!

"You bastard, the men of the Sage family are not all dead yet. Why should we be afraid of the Neal family?" The old lady was furious. Sorrow rose from her heart, and her eyes were filled with disappointment. None of the descendants of this generation were of great use. She said in a deep voice, "Little Braydon is the son-in-law of the Sage family, Heather's future husband. He's half a member of the Sage family. As long as I'm still alive, no one can bully him!"

Harold furrowed his brows and shut his mouth. He did not dare to talk back to the old lady.

Zayn Ziegler's eyes were cold. He gently put his hand on the hilt of his sword. If he were to unsheathe his sword, it would be stained with blood. He was far angrier than anyone else present.

What kind of status did Braydon have? How could he be humiliated here?!

Zayn took a step forward and was about to unsheathe his sword. He was about to recklessly whip out his sword to teach these Sage family juniors a lesson.

"Back down!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

The Strongest War God chapter 5-The Northern King's Grace Zayn Ziegler stepped back, still angry.

In his eyes, Braydon Neal's status was very high. Now that he had returned to his hometown, he was being humiliated by the Sage family.

If Carl Mason, the ferocious Tiger of Northern Hansworth, was here, he would definitely punish these Sage family juniors.

Now that old lady Sage was angry, Harold Sage and the other juniors did not dare to mention kicking Braydon out again.

"Braydon, from now on, you'll be living with the Sage family. Heather's Villa has three floors. The first floor is the living room, the second floor is where you two will stay, and the third floor is the storeroom," Old lady Sage said kindly.

"Grandma!" Heather Sage's face was flushed red, and her young girl's shyness made her stomp her feet.

The two of them had only met when they were children. She and Braydon had not contacted each other for 13 years.

Now that they were all grown up and did not know each other well, how could they live together as soon as they met?

"Grandma, I suggest you reconsider this marriage!" Harold furrowed his brows.

The resistance of the Sage family's younger generation made Heather reveal a faint smile. Wanting her to accept a strange man and even wanting him to become her husband? She was not willing to do that!

"Grandma," Braydon said with a smile, "Since Heather isn't willing, let's forget about the marriage. I can treat her as my sister!" "Braydon!" Old lady Sage was shocked.

"That would be good!" Heather said happily.

"It's not good for Heather's reputation if the man breaks off the engagement. I'm afraid she won't be able to lift her head up in Preston in the future. The Sage family will write the marriage annulment document tomorrow, and I'll sign it!" Braydon said lovingly.

"At least you're tactful enough!" Harold sneered.

"If that's the case, won't you be unable to lift your head in Preston?" Heather was a little embarrassed.

"It's fine!" Braydon had said that he would protect her for the rest of her life, and a promise meant a lifetime!

But Zayn could not take it anymore.

"The woman breaking off the engagement?" He was sullen. "It's not just the man who can't lift his head! What a great family the Sage family is. What a great woman to break off the engagement. You can try. If you dare to break off the engagement, someone will dare to raze your Sage family to the ground tonight!" Zayn got angry in the end.

These people in front of him were a little too much!

Braydon was located in the North and was regarded as a faith by the millions of soldiers in the North.

Insulting Braydon was equivalent to insulting the one million black-armored elites of the northern territory and insulting the five great commanders!

This humiliation was bound to be washed in blood.

If the young lady of the Sage family dared to break off the engagement, the commander of Southern Hansworth, Gordon Lowe, nicknamed Spirit Sword, would dare to attack the Sage family at night!

Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe was a genius swordsman of the current generation. He was the same age as Braydon and had become famous at a young age. He was born with a cold personality and was once by Braydon's side. He was known as the most terrifying imperial guard by the Northern King's side!

If Gordon knew that Braydon was being humiliated here, even if Zayn and Carl joined hands, they would not be able to stop him!

Zayn's words angered the younger generation of the Sage family.

Most young people were hot-blooded and full of vigor.

Harold shouted coldly, "Who do you think you are? Do you know what this place is? Who gave you the guts to say that you want to exterminate the Sage family?" "Impudent!" Old lady Sage scolded angrily.

Zayn's eyes were cold. "Who am I? Central Hansworth's commander, Zayn Ziegler. Am I enough to destroy your Sage family?" "Carl Mason, the commander of Northern Hansworth. Am I enough to exterminate your Sage family?" At the entrance of the Sage family's place, a young man in black clothes appeared. It was Carl, who was walking over with a thousand men behind him. They were all wearing black scarves and black gold swords!

In modern society, in the era of firearms, was it a disadvantage to use cold weapons?

Not necessarily!

For martial artists, firearms might be intimidating, but within a ten-meter distance, one would not even have the time to aim!

One could not underestimate the members of the special operations team. They were all elites and had existed for a long time.

All the things they handled were unnatural and supernatural events.

While the Sage family was still in a daze, a cold and emotionless voice came from the south, "Commander of Southern Hansworth, Gordon Lowe. Am I

enough to destroy your Sage family?" A green-robed Gordon Lowe with a scabbard in his hands strolled over from the horizon.

An indifferent male voice came from the west, "Commander of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman. Am I enough to destroy your Sage family?" The man who was seven feet tall had a calm smile on his handsome face. His black cape fluttered in the wind as he came from the west.

The Marquis of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman, was a very evil fellow with a mind close to that of a demon!

At this moment, four of the five great commanders had arrived!

Braydon knew the reason why the commander of Eastern Hansworth was not here. However, Carl was still here. He had been secretly leading people in the dark, which was out of Braydon's expectation.

Harold and the others were all stunned.

While they were still in shock, Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe cupped his fists and said, "Gordon Lowe welcomes the return of the Northern King!" "Bryan Goldman welcomes the return of the Northern King!" The Marquis of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman, bowed and cupped his hands.

Carl grinned and did not mention why he had not left.

They were all close to Braydon, and they knew each other very well.

Only Harold and the others felt their scalps go numb. They did not understand what Braydon had experienced during the thirteen years he had left the capital!

The younger generation like Harold would never be able to come into contact with the special operations team.

Only the older generation like old lady Sage knew how terrifying the four great commanders who had arrived today were!

"Your Sage family is very powerful, and the seven great families in Preston are very powerful?" Carl said softly.

"Today, the four of us will destroy your Sage family. Is that enough?" His question intimidated everyone in the Sage family into silence.

If any of them sneezed, it would be enough to cause an earthquake in Preston.

Four of the five great commanders had arrived and were now in the Sage family's residence. Once the news spread, who knew how many people would come over to curry favor.

"Who are you?" Harold asked in a low voice.

"My name is Gordon Lowe. One word from me and I can seal Preston city for ten years. What do you think?" Gordon looked over.

Harold's eyes were filled with horror. He realized that he had either provoked a shocking big shot or a lunatic today.

With just one sentence, he could seal off Preston for 10 years. He was not targeting the Sage family alone, but the entire city of Preston of five million people!

Harold instinctively thought that they were a group of lunatics for daring to say such things.

"Who doesn't know how to talk big!" The greasy-haired young man was Chris Sage. He was the one who recognized Braydon at first sight.

Braydon remembered that Chris was a snot baby when he was a child. He was sloppy, and once he was pushed into the latrine pit. He kept burping after being fished out by the adults.

At that time, Braydon was the eldest son of the Neal family!

In terms of status, after birth, it meant that there were hundreds of millions of assets waiting to be inherited.

Later, the Neal family had an internal struggle, and Braydon's bloodline had suffered a crushing defeat. They were exterminated by the current three heads of the Neal family. His mother had taken the seven-year-old Braydon and escaped the Neal family that night.

However, they were intercepted on the road. On the surface, it looked like a car accident, but people with discerning eyes could see that this was the intention of the three heads of the Sage family to kill them.

It was old lady Sage who came forward and protected the seven-year-old Braydon, which led to the deterioration of the relationship between the Sage family and the Neals, which laid the bitter fruit for the Sage family's decline today.

Chris' words made Harold calm down.

At the very least, he knew that in Preston city, even if the seven great families joined forces, no one would have the guts to say that they would lock down Preston for ten years.

Old lady Sage sighed to herself. She did not expect that none of the Sage family's generation would be promising.

Anyone with a discerning eye could see that Gordon and the others were all shocking figures that they could not afford to offend.

"Grandma, don't worry!" Braydon smiled.

"With you around, I'm naturally not worried. I'm just a little sad. Back then, the Sage family was second to none in Preston. It's a pity that the men of the Sage family are so disappointing that they can't even hold on to the family business. Most of them are just average. When I die, I'll be letting your Grandpa Sage down!" Old lady Sage looked at Harold and the others with a look of utter disappointment.